Living in Color

by Albie Verona

In the days of the summer in 1960 I lived a quiet existence, my name was Albie Verona. I took after my grandfather who spent the afternoons moving the television antennae around and figuring out the right places for all the new furnitures.

Readers Digest was always a big part of my life we used to Read the magazine when the light was out or there was simply no reception.

Although I was a light skinned African living in america. I always felt more black.

Later when I turned twenty one.

I began to figure out more who my grandfather really was.

Time was spent in the house building new ideas on how to make Chicken and Watermelon.

I loved this and I loved the hot sun on my african skin.

I was going to accept this who I was until one day grandfather was acting strange.

jumpy and fearful.

I went to the back yard and there was a blck man tied to a post in the backyard with a collar and chain around his neck.

I asked him "Father what is this?"

"That is a Slave Albie."

"That is how we make food." Said Grandfather.

I had a lot of trust in my grandfather I really needed to trust where he was going with this.

" Albie now it has time to confront the most basic Ideas that we havfe as men."

"If something has to be done we need a slve to finish all of the work."

"Now go and take him every paper in the house and have him finish it."

I did what my father had asked of me.

I grew tired and I went to the living room and took a nap.

My father went out to the back where the black man who was a slave slept in the back.

He began to question the man on his work ability.

We were going to take him many places to do the work around the city.

'Man some times being colored is more than a skin color.'